HE'S YEARS BEHIND.

THE IDLER MET WITH A COLD RE-

THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO LISTEN.

Have Forgotten About the Civil War-A Three-Footed Thing Dry-Goods Store-Military

somehow there doesn't seem to be such place in this world for me, nowdays, since these young shavers have egun putting on blue uniforms and getmustered in by officers of the U. S. with an emphasis on the U. S. To the truth, we Confederate veterane appear to cut much figure just at and it looks to me as if people take as much interest in what Gen-R. E. Lee and I did as they used to. on was a time when, if I appeared in any, everybody hushed up so I could le in which I participated. It looked folk couldn't hear enough of me Their interest was so profound are before the war and gradually lead the subject, detailing every incisent and even quoting the very language used weeks before a campaign com-But all that's changed now way I can get a man to lister e me during these times is to knock him and sit on him, and even then I have to beat him into insensibility before he will submit.

Last Sunday I went to Camp Lee, and as I shuffled along up Broad street I felt at everybody was pointing to me and There goes an 'old vet' who has a real service. I'll bet he's full of the experiences and could charm any

The consciousness of my supposed concosusness positively embarrassed me or I am a reserved man and never talk

straw in the beds and the fried crease in the little company kitchens, it med that old times came rushing back me with a gush and I felt like kickup my heels after the manner of a Somehow, I "kinder" thought would like to talk about the had been in, too, but I was about making the move. I knew g crowd would gather around me, I didn't wish to make myself conous. So I just knocked around a while and nosed about and chuckover the good clothes the felwe were a-wearing and the pretty girls were pretending they had come out see their brothers. It was powerfully sresting, but the more I bummed sund the more I felt that it was a some of the boys couldn't hear about

By and by, just to break the ice, I ambled up to a spick and span youngster sho looked like he wore a corset and a mile, and said: Ah, my boy, you chaps don't know

hat war means. At 11:30 o'clock on une 2d, in 1862, when I-" Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm

off. Here comes the captain." And without appreciating what he'd lost he I saw a young officer who ape his happiness save a looking-glass, owing that the commissioned follows erally appreciated a good thing when me give you some pointers. Three ks before my regiment went to Se Manassas, I said to our colonel one

te never let me finish. "All right, old it." he said, "but I've got to be off. I hk I've heard that before, anyhow." with that he scooted away towards evy of girls.

takes a heap to make me mad, and ing the government for having such low in its service, I strolled away. me mean-spirited roosters might have en mortified at the rebuffs I got, but On the whole, I was rather glad t talked more. I hate to have a wd around me, listening to everything

inally, seeing a lot of privates busily rased in reading a newspaper, I appaper, are you?"

looks that way, don't it?" said a oral, whereupon the general impres-sppeared to be that I had made an

gnoring the jollity of these youngsters, marked: "You duffers will get down after awhile, but war ain't poetry." abody made the statement that no had claimed war was poetry, a private remarked: nything on the bulletin-board?"

fascinate these careless youngadded: "Times were hot 'long Everybody was a-crying for Our division had just left the Peone afternoon about 2 o'clos was 1:30 o'clock-on March 4th, Colonel Blowmuch dispatched er to me with -

pson will bust the spots out of fleet, won't he, Mister?" interrupted right-eyed boy in the crowd, who appear to have caught my re-

moring his question, I continued: "As was about to remark, the Colonel disand here I noticed that the crowd was ng out, and it kept getting smaller

and smaller, until no one but a man on thard duty was left. me a chew of your tobacco, pleas-

he said, without seeming to realize there had ever been a civil war, was then that I determined to tell fellow my experiences if I bust every gol-darned suspender-button on my rs. Seizing him by a button on his cted with the Colonel's dispatch told it all-carefully stating and circumstances. So rapt did I my auditor. And when I finally got from the sixtles to 1898, I realized I was clinging to a brass button of

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and chronic diseases generally, must yield to the faithful use of

RADAM'S MICROBE

Because it stops fermentation, and destroys the germs that cause Consumption, Cancer, Scrofula and Rheumatism (a Purely scientific remedy), and because of wonderful antiseptic qualities, invaltable for sores, cuts, burns and bruises. Send for free book giving full information and home testimonials.

THE WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO., 121 Prince Street, New York, or

midight but too frequently tells the old, old story of the awful torcure of approaching motherbood for some illy-prepared women. All too often death lurks on the doorster. This is

death lurks on the doorstep. This is a story that would seldom be told if women would but properly prepare themselves for the duties of motherhood. If a woman will take the right care of the organs that make motherhood possible, approaching maternity will have no fears for her. Nature intended that all women should bear children, and did not mean that this duty should be a cruel torture. Woman's own ignorance and neglect have made it so.

made it so.

All weakness and disease of woman's reproductive organism are cured by Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly upon these organs. It makes them strong and healthy. It prepares them for approaching maternity. It allays the discomforts of the expectant period. It makes baby's coming easy and comparatively painless, and insures the health of the child. All good druggists sell it.

"I have had three miscarriages," writes Mrs.

"I have had three miscarriages," writes Mrs.
J. L. Shaffer, of Ney, Sully Co., S. Dakota. "Last
Spring I received one of your, Memorandum
Books in which I found your 'Favorite Prescription' recommended to prevent it. I took eleven
bottles of it and have a bright boy five months
old, which I owe to God and your medicine."

What woman does not wish to make her what woman does not wish to make her family cares as light as possible, consistent with her family's well-being? The greatest care of all is the fear of sickness. It is a common saying amongst conscientions mothers: "As long as the children are well. mothers: "As long as the children are well, I don't mind anything else." For these mothers Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser would prove "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." This book of 1,008 pages, profusely illustrated, gives plain talks and kindly sensible medical advice. It is peculiarly valuable for mothers of young daughters. More than a half a million copies of this book have been sold for \$1.50 each. Now there is an enormous edition to be given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, for a copy in paper cover. For cloth binding, send 31 one-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. send 31 one-cent stamps. World's Dispen-sary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

the Virginia Volunteers. The young ras cal had detached it from his coat while I thus conversed, and I, deep in my ef-forts to please him, had failed to note this sacrilege to me and General Lee. * But after all, there ain't no use kleking. It's just like a Billy goat butting at a steam locomotive. Things will keep a-moving. I'm thirty-three years behindhand, and maybe I'm shopworn, too. I'll never have my say again unless it's on a tombstone. And to think of those blue uniforms! !

The Commander-in-Chief has the utlittle does she read of current events that were not for the neighbors she wouldn't know that we are now having a war with Spain. She spurns the grandest efforts of journalism, and thinks that there is nothing worth reading in the papers save the dry-goods "ads," the death notices, and the "want" column. She devours the latter without fail, and generally knows it by heart before she And so, too, with the obituary notes and their attendant poems and Scriptural selections. But dearest of allnay, dearest of the dear-to her soul are the columns which tell of the great reductions in dry goods and of the splendid bargains which those who "come early and avoid the rush" may obtain at these

And so it was no wonder that I recently caused her to prick her acute ears I looked at an enticing big display "ad" and uttered an exclamation of profound astonishment. "Gee whiz," I murmured, "what will these drygoods stores have next?"

"What?" she interrogated. She never wastes syllables with me, for she expects even a hint of her wishes to insure an immediate response.

"I see they have a three-footed thing on the remnant counters there," was my reply, and my lips quivered. They always quiver when I am about to spring

"A three-footed thing?" she queried. "Why, what in the name of goodness is it?"

"A yard-stick," was my jocose reply, as I had spasm after spasm of mirth. Right here let me confidentially remark that no one enjoys my own jokes more than I do myself. In fact, sometimes am the only person who does get any enjoyment out of them.

Of course, the Commander-in-Chief never so much as cracked a smile. "Well, you men may think that's very funny," quoth she, "but I don't see any point in t at all. All the yard-sticks I ever saw

And with her teeth she bit off a piece of thread from a spool, and, contemptuously ignoring me, she began to sew a pair of boy's pants on a buttor.

They are talking lots about a drummer who used to belong to the Richmond Light Infantry Blues. He didn't show up at a certain parade recently, and subsequent investigation proved that the man resided in Manchester—not that this had anything to do with his being a base-drummer, however. While crossing over the Free bridge, he and the base-drum and all fell over into the river. They say that he is now beating his way to Cuba.

(Laughter.) In this same organization, there is an other man, the son of a worthy sire, who is a great stickler after military dis-cipline and strict obedience to orders. It was while washing recently-the soldiers still wash, you know-that this youth exclaimed to the receptacle of the water: Sergeant Basin, I place you under ar-rest. You are half full."

I'm mighty glad they've gotten that little goat at Camp Lee, although they say it is quite young. Beardless youths who have been shaving for months and cannot yet raise a moustache are only too glad to compromise with a goatee In olden times soldiers didn't have such pets, but I have frequently read of battering rams in armies, and I see no reason why a goat shouldn't fill the bill just as well. This one certainly takes a deep interest in the war, and they say that he devours all the literature on the subject which he can find, which, by the way, is proof positive that he fills the animal's only fault is, that he 'chews the rag" too much, and shows a disposition to ruminate on the tents.

Nothing but a fear that the Com-mander-in-Chief would be after me with a writ of habeas corpus has kept me from enlisting in this war. She says that I'm not worth the pewder and shot it would take to kill me, and that she doesn't intend to impose upon the Span-iards in this way. I now mind the babies "of a Sunday" when the housegirl is off. And, incidentally, I may say, in the lan-guage of J. Caesar and M. T. Cicero; "Inter arma non silent infantes."

THE IDLE REPORTER.

To His Office on a Tandem.

(Chicago Journal.) A wealthy West-Side resident is taken to his office on La Salle street each morning on a tandem, propelled by a liveried servant. The employee sits in front and scorces down the boulevard. The employer perches behind, and, lazily keeping his feet on the pedals, reads the morning newspaper. In the afternoon the morning newspaper. In the afternoon "the coachman" calls at the office with the tandem, and the trip home is made in the same way.

Occasionally the wealthy man throw his energy into the pedals, and the wheel forges shead with a great burst of speed, but as a rule he is too much engrossed with his reading to do any work. Two years ago this citizen drove to and from his office in a carriage. He would not change back for a great deal.

Invest 5 cents, and try Elastic Starch.

HIS NAME WILL LIVE.

DOMITABLE WILL OF GLADSTONE.

WONDERFUL LIFE AND CAREER.

Even at College His Course Through Life Seemed Mayped Out-His Political Achievements.

(For the Dispatch.) LONDON, May 20.-William Ewart Bladstone has gone over to the silent majority. Fighting to the last, he again and again beat back the grim monster, death, and many people hoped as the uneven contest went on and life continued to have the mastery, that Mr. Gladstone would add another to the long list of triumphs over opposing forces that won for him the title of England's Grand Old Man. But death was too persistent. Cling as he would to the life that he had made so valuable to the world, Gladstone was forced at last by the repeated assaults of the enemy to relinquish his hold. It was marvellous that a man of his age had been able to keep up the fight so long, but then Gladstone was of the material that never knows defeat while nature holds out. His whole life having been spent in of the English nation have held him here he would be with us yet, for from centre to circumference of the realm, not excepting Ireland, he was the one man in public life whose very opponents admired and loved him. Could the weeping retainers who surrounded his bedside at Hawarden Castle as life's tide ran out have made a deal with death, there would have been no lack of substitutes to take the place of William Ewart Gladstone when the last call came. But to this call Gladstone had to answer in person, and while the world has its attention concentrated on wars, the roar of the guns cannot drown the wails of a nation that has lost one of its

A LONG STORY.

It would take a whole newspaper to begin to tell the story of Gladstone's life. One gets at the real Gladstone most readily by thinking of him as an Oxford man. This remark would not need explaining American, who has not been trained to regard high political careers and univer sity training as necessarily associated Even in the democratized England of to-day the connection between the two is one of the most powerful factors in British politics, as the outsider sees them, at any rate. Of the twelve Commoners in the Liberal Cabinet which Mr. Gladstone formed in 1892, five men were edu cated at Oxford and five at Cambridge The two exceptions-Messrs. Fowler and Mundella-were instinctively felt by the House and the party to be of a little different clay than their associates. If this fetich is still potent, one may imagine how it ruled some sixty-odd years ago, when young Mr. Gladstone first took his seat young Mr. Gladstone first took in the Commons. He owed that seat, indeed, strictly to the record he had just completed in the university. He was president of the Oxford Union-that famous nursery of debating genius—and made a speech against the reform bill in one of the discussions there which created a sengation. A schoolfellow, Lord Lincoln, wrote home to his father, the Duke of Newcastle, about it. The Duke had a number of rotten boroughs at his disposal, and on his son's report he offered one of them to the young Oxford prodigy. Thus, Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament for Newark, at the age of 22.

He was a tall and handsome young man, elaborately educated, the best speaker of his year, temperate and well-ordered in habits, deeply plous, and the son of a wealthy baronet. When he was 21 years old it was quite clearly foreseen that he was going to be Prime Minister of England if he lived. Bishop Charles a joke, but inasmuch as the Commanderin-Chief has never yet been known to see
in-Chief has never yet been known to se miring confidence with which he was sur-rounded. The Government of England is mining connected with which he was sur-rounded. The Government of England is still carried on by a very limited class of people. In his day it was narrowed down to almost a family affair. Most of the parliamentary power was in the hands of a dozen or so great landed nobles, who personally ran the House of Lords and filled the Commons with their re-

lations and their nominees. A SIXTY-TWO YEAR TERM. The term of sixty-two years, during which Mr. Gladstone, with only a trivial interruption at the outset, held a seat in Parliament, divides itself, for our purpos into two nearly equal parts. The first thirty-two years, from his being put into the House by the Duke of Newcastle to his succeeding to the official leadership of that House by reason of Lord Pal merston's death, cover a period with which we have not much to do. Up to this date of 185 he belonged to the led rather than to the leaders. He had been from almost the first a notable figure, carrying a great deal of weight in the House of Commons, and the big party chiefs who made such a strange game of parliamentary politics in the forties were anxious to get him on their side. But it was a difficult task to hold him after he had been got. A certain conscientious intractability was always leading him to

differ from his colleagues, or resign.

When Sir Robert died, in 1850, Gladstone and some other of his immediate followers remained nominally in the Tory party. As late as 1852 it was an open question whether he would not be a mem question whether he would not be a member of the Tory ministry, which Lord Derby formed, and in which Disraell was for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House. Instead, however, he lay low, and in the winter made a sudden and furious on-slaught upon Disraeli and his budget. The attack is said to have been unpre-meditated; it was at all events crushingly effective, and smashed Lord Derby's ministry that night. A cealition ministry of Whigs and Peelites took its place with Lord Aberdeen at its head and Gladston succeeding Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Later, he held the same post under Lord Palmerston until the latter's death in 1865. In that same year he was ground that he was no longer a Tory at all. He found a seat in Lancashire, and came back, now an open Liberal, to bring in the reform bill of 1996. unseated for Oxford University, on the

CAREER AS A LEADER. From this time can be dated Mr. Gladstone's career as a leader. Up to within these last few years Mr. Gladstone was to be called a leader of forces rather than of men. His posture was that of a than of men. His posture was that of a man who for afty years had known that he was the best product of his generation, and who from boyhood had been sur-rounded by the deference and submission due to such pre-eminence. He had al-ways curiously lacked discernment in the selection of lieutenants and intimate suselection of lieutenants and intimate subordinates, and the men he did get closest about him after he became Premier, some interested flatterers, others exasperatingly dull nonentities, made an increasingly-thick hedge between an increasingly-thick hedge between him and the real heart and brains of his party year after year. A boundless ambition was his. To be four times Prime Minister of the greatest empire in the world was not enough. If he could have broken in pieces the empire over which he ruled he would have died happy of courses his purpose never pictured it.

which he ruled he would have died happy of course his purpose never pictured itself to his own mind in that way. To him the dismemberment of the kingdom was external; a mere political rearrangement. Home rule was to be a union of hearts. As to all politicians, who are also theologians, political casuistry was to him a delight. He expected to succeed when he entered upon this gigantic experiment. When he had failed he still thought he ought to have succeeded. The disruption of his party may well enough have seemed a slight matter to him who was resolved on the disintegra-

tion of a kingdom. He faced it with composure. He saw Bright, Lord Hartington, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Chamberlain, and all but two or three of the leading Liberals depart from him. It never shook him. He himself remained—what mattered who went? The Cabinet? The Cabinet? Was Gladstone. His courage was splendid; perhaps it was not politics. A long struggle, three complete politics. A long struggle, three complete changes of his scheme, then final, irre-vocable defeat left him still convinced

he had been right.
Of late years he regarded himself as a leader in the great processes of change. He looked upon the sixty-three years of his public life as a period of emancipation. his public life as a period of emancipation. Three great political reform bills, the emancipation of the voter, of trade, of labor, of thought even (religious thought excepted), the lifting of burdens from those least able to bear them—one great figure, and that his own, taking his march down these successive years from period to period, and scattering plenty and fair prosperous days over a smiling land—such was Mr. Gladstone's conception. It will not, so far as he is concerned, stand the test of historical criticism.

stand the test of historical criticism. THE EMPIRE HAS GROWN. broadened in Mr. Gladstone's time. map of the world is a great deal redder first made this promising young Tory member for the rotten borough of New-ark. But his were never the hands that willingly grasped new territory. He was of the school which thought colonies and ndencies a source of weakness, savin so far as they were markets. He would not have gone to Egypt if he could have helped it. He would not have stayed there if he had dared come away. It was not he, but Sir Beauchamp Seymour who bomberded the forts of Alexandria. And who has forgotten the reluctant hand he slowly stretched out to Khartoum, too late to save Gordon, who had saved him, and whom he did not like? The Cape, Canada, Australia, Asia—in which of Canada, Australia, Asia-in which these has Mr. Gladstone's policy been primarily imperial as imperialism is now

Most men seem to us great by what they have done, and whether in letters or in arms, or in the great acts of public life, these men often loom less than their achievements. Not so, Mr. Gladstone. He is greater than his deeds. None can ever have met him with a sense of disap-pointment. If he had done nothing he would have been great. He towered above others. His conversation combined, as did none other, both charm and authority. There was a glamor in his mere presence He laid a spell on you, subordinated others to himself. His eye had in it a others to himself. His eye had in it a command; his voice the note of the trumpet on the field of battle. This is the man that has gone from the scenes that have known him for so long. His name lives, and will live as long as literature lives.

literature lives. THE NORTHERN NECK.

Coming Double Wedding-Personal-

Money Very Scarce. COMORN, KING GEORGE COUNTY, VA., May 28.-(Special.)-The "coming event" that is now attracting very general attention and awakening profound interest all over King George is a "double wedding," to take place at St. Paul's Episcopal church, some eight miles from this place, on Wednesday next, June 1st. Mr. John B. Fitzhugh will lead to the altar Miss Alice E. Ashton, and Miss Jennie Fitzhugh, the former's sister, will Renjetor's become the wife of Mr. E. W. Stuart, of New York city, a native of this county. The brides- and grooms-elect are among the most prominent people of this section known, their marriages will be witnessed by an unusually large number of persons from various parts of King George and other countles and also from several parts of King George and other countles and also from several parts of the countless and, being very popular and widely known, their marriages will be witnessed counties and also from several other cities.

Preparations are being made for a spe-Preparations are being made for a spe-cial term of the Circuit Court of this county, which will be held next Thurs-day, June 2d. Owing to the fact that the docket contains a number of important cases, this term is being looked forward to with more than usual interest. Judge Mason having been connected with some of the cases, and being interested, Judge T. R. B. Wright, of Essex, will preside. Mrs. Joseph A. Billingsley, of this county, was summoned to Colonial Beach several days ago by the illness of her

son, Mr. William P. Billingsley, who is merchandising at that place. A telephone message from Oak Grove, Westmoreland county, to King George Courthouse states that Mr. Walter W. Stiff, a prominent merchant at that place, has suffered a relapse, and is very ill

The grass crop here is as fine and promising as ever known in this county. The clover seeded this spring, in stand growth, beats all former records. That seeded in March is now as tall as clover generally is twelve months after seeding. But the spring oats are still very backward and indifferent, scarcely covering the ground.

Mr. Ulysses Staples, a native of this county, who went to Washington recently to engage in business, has joined

Mr. Luther Miffleton, of this neighbor-hood, had one of his feet badly mashed and received other very painful wounds at Billingsley's saw-mill a few days ago. Mr. S. B. Atwill, of Westmoreland, who attended the commencement exercises of Bowling Green Female Seminary, re-turned to his home, at Kinsale, this He brought with him his daugh week. ter, Miss Rosa Lee Atwill, who is a student at the seminary.
Mrs. Sarah Fritter, of Stafford, is visiting her father, Mr. Matthew Dent, in this

In the last week death has claimed two of Stafford's oldest and esteemed citizens, Mr. W. E. Mountjoy, aged 65, and Mr. John Graves, aged 72 years. The former John Graves, aged is years. The times leaves eleven children—seven sons and four daughters. A wife and three children survive the latter.

Mr. John T. Minor, of this place, is

spending this week in Essex county, com-bining pleasure with business. The Treasurer of this county, who is a

prominent physician and all-around business-man, says in answer to a question by a newspaper-man that money scarcer here this spring than ever before in his long experience. Excepting the sections directly benefited by the fishing industry, this part of the State has less money in circulation than is usually the case at this season of the year, and a great bulk of the taxes, due since last

fall, are still unpaid.

The Democrats of the county will as semble in mass-meeting next Thursday for the purpose of electing delegates to the congressional convention which will meet in Alexandria on the 6th of July, and also for the purpose of electing : chairman and several members of the Executive Committee.

Among the graduating class in the medical department of the Columbian University who received their "sheepskins" to-day is Dr. George R. Dorrell, of

There are fewer cases of sickness in King George at this time than in any former spring for many years. The healthfulness of the county has become so generally recognized that the number of people who come from other sections, especially from the large cities, to spend the "sickly season" and "heated term" here has more than doubled in the past four or five years. The fact that to a population of nearly seven thousand there are but three physicians is proof more conclusive than words that old King George enjoys very fair health. Captain J. T. Emmernizer and family, of Baltimore, are spending the summer

of Baltimore, are spending the summer here with Mrs. Emmernizer's relatives. A number of Washington, D. C., families will spend the summer at Somerset Beach, near here, on the Potomac. Cottages will not be completed for one-hair of the "resorters," though carpenters are at work building up the place, and many families who cannot secure cottages will summer in tents on the beach.

Miss Mollie E. Rogers has returned to Miss Mollie E. Rogers has returned to her home here from a visit to friends in Alexandria and Washington.

Elastic Starch requires no cooking.

MUNYON'S PROOF.



or my family had a very severe case of piles. Munyon's Pile Ointment gave relief in 24 hours Result was wonderful."

Mrs. Thomas Albright, 213 Union street, Memphis, Tenn., says: "Munyon's Philadelphis office preseribed for my indigestion and stomach trouble. Munyon's Remedies quickly cured me."

Miss Kate Ferebee, Camden, N. C., says: "Munyon's Female Cure proved a boon to me when I needed it very much."

Mrs. J. E. Ward, 37 Auburn avenue, Atlanta, Ga., says: "Was a martyr to dyspepsia for years. Rapidly becoming weak and debilitated. Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure built up my strength and cured me."

Mrs. A. R. Murphy, 384 Lawrence street, Mobile, Ala., says: "Was crippied with rheumatism. Walked for two years with crutches. Munyon's Rheumatism Cure completely restored my health."

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Lace Shoes on Pug last, welts, soft as slippers. \$3.00 We give these prices, because so many think we do not carry

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50c. for Misses' Spring-Heel Tan Laced Shoes, sizes 13, 131, 1,

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++++++++++++++++++++++ t "Miller's for Medicines."



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goods: Fountain Syringes, from 50c. to \$2; Bulb Syringes, from 35c. to \$1.75; Hot-Water Bags, from 50c. to \$1.50; Air Pillows, Air Cushions, Rubber, Porcelain, and Agate Ironware Bed Pans and Douche Pans; Atomizers, from 25c. to \$2; Steam Atomizers, \$1.25; Face Bags; Clinical Ther-mometers, from 75c. to \$1.50; Acme Water Cooler, for keeping cracked

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75 pairs Men's Pants, good enough for dress wear, three styles
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